



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

were not sharply defined; and so the dative of indirect object, and to a certain extent the dative with compounds, would seem to me about all that should be included in the beginners' books.

The statistics and recommendations of Mr. Byrne's book would furnish material for a great amount of discussion, but my purpose now is particularly to call attention to its value as an addition to the equipment of every High School teacher. Mr. Byrne and his associates deserve the thanks of our profession.

G. L.

DE QUINCEY AND MACAULAY IN RELATION TO CLASSICAL TRADITION¹.

DeQuincey was reserved and artistic; his life was a dream; his feelings made for revolt and protest. Macaulay was a man of action, who pushed out in all directions among men, among books, among affairs, and was dissatisfied until he had comprehended all the objects of life and thought in a well-defined panorama. Unlike as they were, and with all the contrast of their careers, they were nevertheless subjected to the same strongly classical system of education and the classical traditions of English culture. It is the immediate object of this paper to discuss a few of the phases in which the atmosphere and the matter of Greece and Rome affected them.

We find it hard in America to understand many points in the English system of education. The Latin verses, hammered out each week line by line, the Greek choruses, learned by heart at the age of fifteen, the absence of original composition in the native tongue, except for rare occasions of prize essays or the like—all these things are foreign to our intensely practical system in America. We go too far in our disdain. The English system was criticized by the two writers with whom we are concerned only when it was carried to extremes. DeQuincey, in his autobiography (2. 57 ff., ed. Masson), shows what evils may result from over-indulgence in such a course. Transferring the question from school to college, he says:

It is noways peculiar to Oxford, but will, doubtless, be found in every university throughout the world, that the younger part of the members, the undergraduates, I mean, generally, whose chief business must have lain among the great writers of Greece and Rome, cannot have found leisure to cultivate extensively their own domestic literature.

And he goes on to state, with perhaps a little exaggeration:

The Spectator seemed to me the only English book of a classical rank which they had read. They had been sent to the book chiefly . . . as a subject for Latin translations, or for other exercises.

This is of course a development of the rigorous training in the Latin of public school life. And the list of original reading in English which our Oxford recluse followed proves that a mind of strong originality is needed in order to break away from such bondage. But we are not summarily banished to the other pole; the Classics, he says, are to be learned thoroughly; still, this is not all. Milton and his 'dark sublimities which rest ultimately upon dread realities' should not be despised in favor of the 'spurious and fanciful sublimities of the classical poetry'. Although we feel instinctively that in this last statement DeQuincey is unjust, he is so much at home in both the ancient and modern that we should allow him the right to dictate a little, and should subtract from the occasional exaggerations which are obviously due to the imagination of the Opium-Eater. We feel that his criticism is overdone in detail, but the wisdom which prompts it is of the soundest; we leave the frigid French models of the eighteenth century, in which the classical element, was, no doubt, overdone and are directed to Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton—authors grand and fresh in their English strength. This goes along with the Romantic Revival, or whatever one chooses to call it, in contemporary English poetry.

A revolt from this same dictatorship of the classical machine may be found in Macaulay. His biographer² refers to carelessness in the composition of hexameters; to his definition of a scholar as one who can 'read Plato with his feet on the fender'; to his statement that he had 'never practised composition a single hour since he had been at Cambridge'. How, then, we ask, did he attain to such eminence in understanding the Ciceronian atmosphere which he made over into English as his own, and which provoked the editor Jeffrey's wonder 'where he could have got that style?' The answer may be found in another of his statements, whose truth is confessed nowadays by every instructor in Latin prose: 'Soak your mind with Cicero'.

Thus we see that these two masters of English, at corresponding periods in their careers, were enthusiastic for the broadening process. They paved the way for Arnold's dictum about culture—'Knowledge of the best that has been thought and said in the world'. Such culture, they realized, would have to come from acquaintance with the masterpieces of more than Vergil and Homer, of more than Sophocles and Plautus. But the Classics were the background, and the modern languages the more vivid features of the picture.

As to scholarship, two examples are ready to hand. One is the ever-vexed Homeric question, the other Niebuhr's ballad theory in regard to Roman lays of heroic character.

DeQuincey presents us with an article in Black-

¹ This paper was read at the meeting of The Classical Association of the Atlantic States at Haverford, Pa., April 24, 1909.

² Trevelyan 1.86.

wood's Magazine on Homer and the Homeridae. His bibliography seems to be fairly complete for the times; in fact, we have a feeling, after reading the essay, that most of the problems which vex us to-day are brought up and discussed, if not settled. He begins with a rhapsodic comparison of the Greek epic poet or poets to the river Nile. We cannot resist his implication that the Nile has as many mouths as there are cities clamoring for the honor of being Homer's birth-place. And his simile is apt because of the fertility and influence of both writer and river. The Wolfian problem is discussed in detail, and DeQuincey goes to the root of the matter with a question which appeals to us all nowadays—why did not Wolf 'close the dispute with a comprehensive valuation of all that had been said, and all that remained to be said, upon this difficult problem?' With British pride he points to Bentley, who 'Wolfized' in 1689; whether this suspicion of Bentley's was highly original or only a manifestation of an underground learned doubt cannot of course be determined. Then comes Robert Wood's scepticism; but where in this list is Vico? We find Aristarchus summarily dismissed; he is criticized on the ground of having edited Homer to death. 'Aristarchus might well boast that he had cured Homer of the dry rot! He *has*, and by hardly leaving one whole spar of his ancient framework'. The Alexandrians to his mind are *tormentors*; 'with them Homer's pre-Christian martyrdom comes to an end'. Another remark is: 'His post-Christian sufferings have been due chiefly to the Germans, who have renewed the warfare not only of Alexandrian critics, but of the ancient chorizontes'. At any rate, we cannot deny DeQuincey considerable individuality of utterance. This will be borne out by his words concerning the Lycurgus enactment and the derivation of the name Homer:

I maintain that ὁμοῦ δρω is Greek for *packing up*. And my view of the case is this: 'Homer' was a sort of Delphic or prophetic name given to the poet under a knowledge of that fate which awaited him in Crete, where, if he did not pack up any trunk that has yet been discovered, he was, however, himself packed up in the portmanteau of Lycurgus.

We are inclined to think that this attempt at wit was the result of an opium period. But there is sanity in what follows. Just because Gorgias means the possessor of γοργότης, Deinarchus the possessor of δεινότης, and Demosthenes the 'strength of the people', these men need not be regarded as disembodied spirits, nor need Homer be. There is speculation on possibilities of a Cretan birthplace on account of a certain Mr. Pashley's studies in the natural history of the *agrimi*, or Cretan ibex. And so on with many other theories, including gentle railery about Odysseus's three dinners in one evening. He is strong for the Peisistratean recension,

of course is ignorant of any archaeological investigations, and leaves us at the end wondering whether he is not indulging in whimsical flights of speculation aimed at his Teutonic brothers across the Channel. The conclusion stands for an original Achilleis, with the Odyssey a later production coeval with the Nostoi, a safe estimate at any rate. Fick and Meyer, with their theories of Aeolic transference and a southern origin of the Iliad respectively, come too late for DeQuincey to discuss.

Are the Lays of Ancient Rome 'pinchbeck ballads?' Do they represent the spirit of ancient Rome? And are the theories which led to their composition entirely futile? The first point is a matter of taste; we might answer that it is no fairer to compare them with Gray's Progress of Poesy than it is to place Andronicus's Saturnians alongside the heroic song of the later books of the Aeneid. In reply to the second question, we are in the dark. In the Horatius lay, for example, a reader of Vergil and Livy (omitting Dionysius and Polybius, whom Macaulay cites as alluding to the story) will find little that seems out of keeping. Allusions to 'Sir Consul' may be forgiven on account of the stock usages of English ballad poetry, the atmosphere in which the subject is represented. Similarly, the banners and ensigns of the Etruscan host are concessions to the same medium. This element is as old as Chaucer's Duke Theseus. And the history of Rome in the days before the Gallic invasion of 390 B. C., to sift the opinions of Schwegler, Dyer, Mommsen, etc., amalgamates into the single fact of an Etruscan domination and influence in the early days of Latium. Besides, if Livy sees fit to entertain the story, why need we object in the case of Macaulay? The descriptions of the march to Rome from Etruscan territory are quite in the Vergilian manner; the Romans themselves flock to the standard like the Italians in the seventh Aeneid. And the magnificent simile of the hero falling like a tree (frequent from Homer to Spenser), stirs our blood in a purely Latin spirit:

And the great Lord of Luna
Fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Avernus
A thunder-smitten oak.
Far o'er the crashing forest
The giant arms lie spread,
And the pale augurs, muttering low,
Gaze on the blasted head.

But how about the supposition that the Romans sang such ballads during the time before and after the Gallic invasion? Livy's history is, in a way, poetical prose; the question therefore arises whether all these imaginative episodes which Macaulay refers to from Livy are *post hoc propter hoc*, or are built up in the manner of Geoffrey of Monmouth in his dealings with the Arthurian cycle. Omitting any

such Spanish parallels as are mentioned by Macaulay for the identity of history and poetry in their rendering of certain episodes, we must stick close to Latin evidence. *Fauni* and *Vates* certainly used to chant rude oracles in measure; *neniae* were sung at funeral banquets about the deeds of the dead; and there were even convivial efforts at dinner-parties by individual guests on heroic subjects. Perizonius, Niebuhr, and Lord Macaulay approach the danger-point in assuming a cycle of poems. If the Greek literature struggled so hard for existence on being transplanted in foreign soil, would the development of Latin antecedent native song have reached a point where one might infer the existence of a native Iliad? That is the crux. Do the allusions of Tacitus to German war-songs about the exploits of Arminius warrant the assumption of a series of intelligible and developed poems? One feels tempted to deny the stern Roman everything except an occasional improvised chorus after a victory—stimulated by the joint inspiration of Mars and Bacchus. But the Hottentot can do this round his camp-fire; and the Latin inscriptions dating back to the fifth century, Macaulay's sacred verses,

Traced from the right on linen white

By mighty seers of yore

would plead for more than this. It is foolish to deny the possibility of such a theory. Scholars, with the exception of M. A. Krepelka (in *Philologus* 37. 450 ff.), are sceptical. But if Macaulay sins, he sins in good company, and after observing the rules of the game.

Both English writers under consideration were sympathetic students of history. Of Macaulay's *History of England* it is needless to speak, or of the countless reviews and essays which deal with special phases in the records of countries and individuals. DeQuincey wrote in *Blackwood's Magazine* a running account of the Caesars and an essay on Herodotus, together with a little gem on the *Philosophy of History*. Here the same distinction is seen which has been brought out at the beginning of this paper; Macaulay fuses all he finds into something universal, while DeQuincey focuses his attention on a particular aspect. The *Parliamentarian*, in a review of Neele's *Romance of History*, goes back to earliest times, prefacing his remarks with the dictum that this art 'begins in novel and ends in essay'. We have the feeling that he is patting Herodotus on the head like a wayward child, for he calls him an inventor from first to last; DeQuincey sees farther into the mind of the sensitive Ionian, being more in sympathy with his inward eye—to him Herodotus is an encyclopaedist, who touches manifold springs of human interest. The true definition of *lóropla* is not what we ordinarily suppose; it is 'inquiries, investigations'. DeQuincey examines, in his own eccentric way, the astron-

omy, geography, and chronology of Herodotus, and concludes that, with indulgences on account of his limited means of inquiry, he outshines the Elder Pliny in every way, and 'justifies his majestic station as a brotherly assessor on the same throne with Homer'. It looks, therefore, as if DeQuincey read his author to better purpose than Macaulay. But the panorama of the latter was wider. He passes on to Thucydides; here he is more at home. He touches on the Greek vice of reasoning *ad hominem* rather than *ad rem*, and maintains that even Thucydides was at fault here, because his conciseness and condensation of narrative tend to judging 'better of circumstances than of principles'. His political philosophy, in Macaulay's view, is deficient. Xenophon he passes over rapidly—'He had a weak head', 'couldn't stand strong meat', seeks only the picturesque. This is certainly unjust, and those who teach the *Anabasis* from year to year will exclaim in anger. It must indeed be a very severe standard by which one condemns the graphic account of the struggles in the snow, the tactical devices for marching in column, the short but pithy accounts of the murdered generals' characters, and old Clearchus with his cat-o'-nine-tails. Macaulay should be arraigned here at his own tribunal, for one of his theories of history was that the best writer should regard the little things of life as equal in importance with the greater issues. This was the reason for the birth of his own *History of England*. One tires frequently of mighty national movements. Scipio and Laelius playing tag round the dinner-table are as necessary to an understanding of ancient life as a comprehensive study of aqueducts or of the formation of a Roman legion.

But what did poor Plutarch do to draw down on his innocent antiquarian head the anathemas of these two leading English essayists? Both of them scold him *con amore*. Macaulay speaks of

that school of which Plutarch may be considered as the head. They seem to have been pedants, who, though destitute of those valuable qualities which are frequently found in conjunction with pedantry, thought themselves great philosophers and great politicians.

This about Montaigne's pet—the writer who is thought by most men to have inspired more heroic ambitions than any other writer ever born! And DeQuincey assails him too. He is speaking of Rousseau's limited reading knowledge. Now Rousseau voted for Plutarch as the author with whom he would like to be wrecked on a desert island. The Englishman inveighs against him thus:

Although not a Frenchman, having had an education (if such one can call it) thoroughly French, he had the usual puerile French craze about Roman virtue, and republican simplicity, and Cato, and all that.

Macaulay even ascribes most of the trouble (and

mentions it not on one occasion only) which led to demagogue abuses during the French Revolution to the insincere hubbub caused by semi-heroic ideas inculcated by authors of that school. Are they not distinctly unfair? Should we criticize the anecdoter of Chaeronea as we criticize Thucydides and Tacitus?

These are perhaps injustices. But when we consider DeQuincey's *Philosophy of History*, we cannot help a glow of admiration. Recall the wonderful summing up of the last sentence:

The quality of their history, the tenure of the Caesars, the total abolition of literature, and the convulsion of public morals—these were the true key to the Roman decay.

Hence we repeat that Macaulay approaches the universal, and DeQuincey is more intuitively searching; Macaulay sees faults in them all, and seeks his ideal historian as Plato sought his philosopher king; DeQuincey, with a concentrated glance at his favorites, makes the most of them.

There is still another phase of this revolt against a rule-of-thumb acceptance of classical traditions. *That* was a matter of scholarship; what I wish to speak of now is of literature. Critics have a way of comparing eras—the 'hey-day of Athenian supremacy in the drama', the 'artificial splendor of the literary coterie of Louis XIV', the 'spontaneous brilliancy of the age of Elizabeth'. We are therefore prepared for some Radicalism from Macaulay's pen. In his essay on Moore's *Life of Byron*, discussing rationality and irrationality in literary criticism, he tears to pieces the unities of place and time.

It requires no very profound examination to discover that the Greek dramas, often admirable as compositions, are, as exhibitions of human character and human life, far inferior to the English plays of the age of Elizabeth.

This brings up a very interesting problem. He is careful to explain that the fault (if it is to be called a fault) was due to the domination of the lyrical element over the dramatic element in Athenian tragedy. But we should all accuse him of having misinterpreted their spirit. The Greek drama was a liturgy, and should to a certain extent be regarded as being to the Greeks what our Scriptural lyrics are to us. Second, he does not allow for the fact that men saw life differently then; the workings of disappointed love in the bosom of a Medea were of more interest to them than the eccentricities of a more variegated program. With his wide reading he should have known that it takes a long time to secularize the heroic—that is to say, to bring the heroic into contact with the actual mire. The evolution of this idea may be seen in all literatures, epic, lyric, drama—the high-born hero hero, the peasant last. The converse is also true. The ridiculous (of which there is now a large share in the legitimate drama) begins as a sort of safety-valve—as Satyr

Drama or village merrymaking, Fescennine Verses or Siberian flyting. These two elements are then started in motion, the one down, the other up. And my point is that at the stage of literary history represented by Athenian tragedy (of which he is talking rather than of comedy), the basic man, as we conceive him, has not been fused sufficiently into the essence of drama to enable us to compare the two ideas directly. Let Hamlet talk his psychology and Oedipus fly before the breeze of Nemesis straight on the rocks. Here is a case of over-assimilation; the greatest and most finished criticism is that of Matthew Arnold or Sainte-Beuve, the genius which can enjoy and analyze distinct kinds of literature, each in its own spirit. Spenser's *Faerie Queene* should not be viewed as if it were a chapter of Scripture, nor should the guard in *Antigone* be expected to go as low as the porter in *Macbeth*. This dictum of Macaulay's is all of a piece with his hatred of things French. There is a little too much House of Commons in his sentiments.

DeQuincey's idea on this subject is harder to approach. He makes as strong and emphatic statements as Macaulay, but they circulate all round the compass, and it is practically impossible to put them together into one whole. Let us take an example, however, from his biographical sketch of Bentley. Bentley, as the foremost classical scholar of England, was commissioned by royalty to prepare an emended edition of *Paradise Lost*, and seems to have made a bad job of it, if we judge from the list of poets and critics who have seered it. DeQuincey accounts for this as follows: Bentley's mind was distinguished for sagacity and common sense, not for poetic imagination. Hence he is more at home in the classical poets than in the Christian poets, for the former run from idea to idea much more rationally and evenly than the latter. This explanation is ingenious; but is it true? We should be careful before denying it recklessly, inasmuch as DeQuincey has about the keenest imagination of any English prose writer on record. Should he not have qualified the emphasis of his statement by saying that ancient literature, and especially the Greek, has magnificent imaginative qualities, but that their *nexus*, their *suturing*, of one idea to another, goes on by a more logical process, not permitting the wrenches and abrupt turns which we find so often in our English poetry?

Among the numerous opinions which this same writer delivers upon the Classics, we find one running all through his writings, notably the *Opium-Eater*, like an opera-motive. It is sympathetic rather than antipathetic—his definition of a *Grecian*. This was to him a sort of shibboleth. To be a Grecian, in his eyes (like a Homeric), is to 'have the *command*, not merely the knowledge, over a language, the power of adapting it plastically to the expression

of your own thoughts'. This is, according to him, a gift of nature; 'the faculty of clothing the thoughts in a Greek dress is a *function of natural sensibility*'; and this function DeQuincey claimed to possess. We cannot deny his *at home* feeling in Greek tragedy; one needs only to read his summaries of plots—exquisite work like the island gems and the subtler vase paintings.

When we come to the usage of words, the greatest difference is noticeable. Macaulay's style is clear and forcible; none of the words as a separate unit is at all unusual. But DeQuincey plays with sounds and derivations, worrying his language as a cat worries a mouse. He is speaking of a cottage in the Lakes, and the building operations devoted to it:

The walls had been finished, and this event was to be celebrated at the village inn with an *ovation*, previously to the *triumph* that would follow on the roof-raising.

One eats a bird, not *entirely*, but from *alpha* to *omega*. Two gentlemen meet, rather too strained company for a room; 'they met, they saw, they *inter-despised*'. In the case of the same gentlemen, 'the more heartily disdain his disdain and *recalcitrate his kicks*'. Describing Wordsworth's face, he alludes to the *circumjacencies* of the mouth. We might compare the toying with language in which Lyly and Apuleius abound. Quotations rush into his head for any subject with which he is dealing. Speaking of the Greek volatility in contrast with the Roman steadiness he scores the Hellenic tribe: 'Whatever else they might be—sculptors, buffoons, dancers, tumblers—they were a nation of swindlers'. What else can this be but a reminiscence of Juvenal's *Graeculus esuriens*? Whole episodes develop out of an off-hand reference to something from the Classics. But Macaulay relentlessly brushes aside anything that will impede the argument, introduces little extraneous matter, and, like a man with a definite purpose, touches and passes on.

As I said at the start, one was a public character, the other a recluse. Hence the former would develop a working style, the latter an impressionistic. About the same result is seen in their relation to the Classics. Macaulay, like Cicero, was a man whose mind embraced everything with avidity, and sent it through a sort of alembic of popularisation; and we find little for our direct purpose in individual passages. What we get from him is a sweeping statement like that about the drama, an allusion to ancient history for the purpose of pointing a moral or embellishing a theory. The purely literary element is slight. But DeQuincey, as if walking through a gallery, stops before his favorites and lavishes praise on them, pauses in front of something he objects to, and covers it with scorn, making the inartistic artistic because of the lights and shadows he indicates.

R. M. GUMMERE.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE, Haverford, Pa.

REVIEW

First Year Latin, preparatory to Caesar. By Charles E. Bennett. Boston: Allyn & Bacon (1909). Pp. x + 281.

The chief difference between this book and its predecessors from the same pen is the endeavor to prepare specifically for Caesar as the material for study in the second year. Paradigms are given in the lessons. Topics are grouped "as nearly as possible" according to the conventional arrangement of our Latin grammars. The most important novel feature is the introduction into alternate lessons, beginning with XXVII, of passages of continuous narrative taken from the first book of the Gallic War, at first very much simplified.

The vocabulary of the lessons, exclusive of words which do not occur elsewhere than in the passages of continuous prose, is as follows: Proper names, 50, other words, 794. Among the latter we have Words occurring only one, two, three or four times in B. G. I-V..... 104 Words not in Caesar¹..... 40 Words occurring from one to four times in Caesar and Cicero¹..... 55 Words not in Caesar or Cicero..... 15 Words occurring from one to four times in High School Latin¹..... 34 Words not in High School Latin..... 5

There is no better lesson in the book than this from the preface:

It is probably no exaggeration to assert that the chief defect in the teaching of Latin today is the failure to master the declensions and conjugations at the very outset of the study. . . . An adequate knowledge of the forms does not come of itself; it does not come even by reading. It can come only by persistent, sustained attention to the forms themselves at the earliest stages of the study.

Let us see how well the author has made provision for the development of this theorem.

The book contains seventy-two lessons, distributed thus:

I-XXVI: nouns, adjectives, pronouns, the verb *sum*, and pres. ind. act. of *amo*². Each lesson contains an average of 27 drill phrases, 10 difficult Latin sentences, and three or four English sentences for translation. Some rules of syntax are here given, including predicate noun and adjective, apposition, indirect object, ablative of means and manner. A careful estimate of the time required for an average class to complete this portion of the book is sixty recitations, including three days for reviews.

XXVII-XLVI: conjugations and reading lessons. The average number of phrases and sentences is the same as above. The reading lessons are additional. An estimate of the time required is fifty-two recitations, including two reviews.

¹ The reference is to those portions of each author which are included by Prof. Lodge in his Vocabulary of High School Latin.

² This is given in the lesson following the first declension.